

Rev. JOHN DODWELL, Manager.
With strong staff of Editors and Correspondents.
Entered at the Post-office at Berea, Ky., as second-class mail-matter.

THE CITIZEN.

VOL. II. A Family Paper

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1901.

An Independent Weekly
Devoted to the
Interests of
THE HOME, FARM, & SCHOOL.
50 CENTS A YEAR.

Fifty cents a year.

NO. 18

IDEAS.

The devil can catch a loafer with a naked hook.

It is easier to sell a dog than to give him away.

Corkscrews have drowned more men than cork jackets will ever save.

"To teach a child to read, and not what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into his hand."

—C. D. Warner.

Harsh criticism never killed a good work, but it sometimes kills the worker.

Take Notice.

Dr Burgess will preach at First Church of Berea, Sunday morning, on "The Great Personal Question," "What shineth ye of Christ?" No services at night.

The Annual Collection for the American Missionary Association will be taken at First Church Sunday a.m. Donations ought to be liberal for Berea is indebted to the A. M. A. for help in her day of need.

On Sunday night at the Baptist Church, will be held the annual meeting of the American Bible Society. Dr. Burgess will preach on the topic "By-paths of the Bible or the Gospel in the Book of Jonah." The meeting is interdenominational. All are cordially invited.

Mr. S. D. Gordon, who made so deep an impression at the Y. M. C. A. Convention at Louisville, will be in Berea March 27 and 28. On each of these days there will be a noon prayer-meeting at the College Chapel. On the night of the 27th he will address a general meeting of the young people connected with both the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., together with their friends and citizens of the town. On the 28th he will speak in the College Chapel to an audience of men only.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

U. S. Secret Service officials have official information of a proposed revolutionary movement in Cuba.

Last Thursday, Dietrich Welland threw a piece of iron at the German Emperor, striking him on the cheek, and cutting a wound an inch and a half long. The Kaiser was in his carriage on the way to the railway station in Bremen.

Great Britain has decided to take steps to force Russia to give up Manchuria. It is reported that the influence of the United States has been asked in favor of Great Britain.

England is sending a reinforcement of 12,000 troops to Africa this week.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Pres. McKinley refused to sign the bill appropriating \$200,000 to pay for horses taken from Confederate soldiers after the surrender at Appomattox.

Ex-Senator Lindsay has been appointed a member of the St. Louis Exposition Commission.

So far as is known the United States is the first of the powers to erect a regular Chinese Court of Justice in the Chinese capitol.

The grand jury of Anderson Co., S. C., has made a report that practical Negro slavery exists in that county in the convict stockade camps.

Ex-Pres. Harrison is very ill at his home in Indianapolis, Ind.

Official investigation has discovered bubonic plague to an alarming degree.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Several Kentuckians are said to have called on Pres. McKinley, to urge the appointment of Ex-Gov. Bradley, as Judge of the Eastern Judicial District.

The Court of Appeals, three judges dissenting, have handed down an opinion which lawyers at Frankfort believe foreshadows a reversal in the case of Jim Howard, convicted of the murder of Wm. Goebel.

In the City Co. Circuit Court, Ulysses Lewis was given a life sentence for the murder of David Davidson.

Sebree, Webster county, was almost swept away by fire Saturday. Loss \$65,000.

A cyclone passed through a part of Western Kentucky, Saturday night. At Clinton, seven houses were demolished and several persons hurt; at Hickman, a church and a drug store were blown down; at Maxon, three churches, and many houses, barns and stables were destroyed. On Sunday, at Loudon, the Sue Bennett College was damaged \$1,000, and a residence wrecked by a storm.

Joe Noel, the murderer of lock tender Spence, of High Bridge, is to be tried in the Federal Court. Spence was a government employee and killed while on duty.

A corps of civil engineers from Birmingham, Ala., are making a second survey for a railroad from Lexington to Brush Creek, Jackson county.

Elder John S. Sweeny took charge of the Paris Post Office, last Friday.

Locals and Personals.

Rev. C. H. Palmer, of Junction City, is with friends this week.

Miss Etta Gay has returned from a visit to friends in Ohio.

W. G. Best spent vacation with the Misses Chrisman at Combs, Ky.

Mrs. S. C. Mason is so far improved as to be able to leave the Hospital.

Albert, Lucian, and Helen Lewis left on Monday, for Tetersburg, Ill.

The Osborne House Party entertained friends at a six o'clock dinner Thursday.

Mrs. Green Hoskins, who has been dangerously ill of pneumonia, is convalescing.

Misses Ninn King and Emma Spence spent vacation with friends in Mt. Vernon.

Mrs. R. H. Royston gave a party Monday evening at her residence on Center Street.

Mrs. Derthick, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting her sons Rev. H. J. and Paul Derthick.

Dave Powell has sold his interest in the Livery business of Harrisou & Co. to A. B. Reynolds.

Walt Hill returned from Cleveland, O., Monday on account of the illness of his father.

Rev. W. D. Smith returned Monday from a two weeks' trip through Estill and Jackson counties.

The Misses Richardson entertained at tea Friday evening in honor of Eruse Wells' birthday.

Prof. J. W. Dinsmore returned from Chicago, Friday. He has been in Frankfort this week.

Speed Clark left for Hamilton, O., Thursday, and Ralph Correll left for Pleasant Plains, Ill., Monday.

The Misses Bullis entertained friends Saturday evening, at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. Dodge.

The Spring Term of the public schools is in session, Miss Nancy Ford, of Richmond, is in charge.

Miss Flora Edwards, after a short visit to Mrs. E. P. Fairchild, left for her home at Milford, O., Monday.

Mrs. W. G. Frost who has been confined to the house through a gripe for a few days is out again.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Burdette entertained a party of Phi Delta boys and their lady friends Friday evening.

Hugh Logan, who is very low with consumption, was baptized in his home, Sunday, by Rev. H. J. Derthick.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duncan, of Lancaster, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Crawford, Mrs. Duncan's parents.

The members of the Congregational Church of Berea enjoyed a social last Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Fairchild.

Mrs. Wm. McGuire, nee Helen Mahaffey, and brother-in-law, Chas. McGuire, of Traveler's Rest, Ky., are visiting Martin Mahaffey, who is quite ill.

Mrs. J. Hammond Tice, nee Mertie Wiltsie, a former student at Berea, arrived Friday. Mrs. Tice will superintend the Kindergarten this Spring Term.

Prof. Jones, Mr. Ned Fairchild and Miss Van Horne, who accompanied Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild to Columbus, O., Sunday, returned Monday, and report that the Doctor bore the trip very well.

Misses Grace and Tacy Stokes, Miller and Herman gave a very charming and unique party to their friends at the "Model Cottage" Monday evening. Each guest represented some musical person of note.

Persons who have children from 4 to 6 years of age, whom they would like to send to the Free-Kindergarten for the Spring Term, should call on Mrs. J. H. Tice, at the Robe House, Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

J. D. Clarkston, a former student at Berea, now a prosperous merchant of Sidell, returning from Louisville where he had been to purchase goods, called on us last Thursday and left his subscription to the CITIZEN.

D. L. Pierson and wife, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who are making a tour of Southern schools, spent two days in Berea last week. Mr. Pierson is Managing Editor of the *Missionary Review of the World*, of which his father, Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., is Editor.

Mrs. L. V. Dodge has in circulation a petition from the Sabbath Observatory Department of the W. C. T. U., for signatures, asking that the Pan-American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo, N. Y., be forbidden to open its gates on Sundays.

Dr. Geo. T. Fairchild, who has been sick so long, has gone to Columbus, O., for special treatment. He was accompanied by his son Mr. Ned Fairchild, Prof. Jones, and Miss Van Horne, Director of the Hospital. Mr. Ned Fairchild will return to stay with his mother during the absence of the Doctor.

Madison County.

Prof. J. W. McGarvey, Jr., of Lexington, will succeed Miss Lloyd (resigned) as principal of Madison Institute.

Rosa White, one of the oldest and best known colored women of Richmond, died Sunday. She was industrious and respected.

The John Agee land, 64 acres on Silver Creek, sold last week for \$40.63, and the Gentry Green farm on Muddy Creek, of 44½ acres, sold at the same time for \$800.

Postmaster Wallace, of Richmond, whose term of office expires in two years, is working for a second four years term: T. C. Adams of the Panhandle will be in the race.

Fred Griffin, of Souteret, was taken into custody at White's Station, last Friday, because of insanity. His father came for him on Saturday and took him home.

The committee to re-district Madison county were sworn in by Judge Million, Tuesday, and will take immediate action in the matter.

Richmond is to have a fair but the dates have not as yet been selected.

The Panhandle is informed of another progressive step soon to be taken in the interest of our enterprising neighbor, Berea. Citizens of that place have petitioned the L. & N. to put on a morning and evening train and the request has been granted.

According to late report the regular train from Cincinnati, reaching Richmond at 7:20 p. m., will go on to Berea and remain over night. The plan is to leave early enough in the morning to connect here with the 6:20 bound for Cincinnati. Already work has commenced on the turning tables and this part, we are informed, is being pushed by citizens of Berea. We congratulate our neighbor. This service will prove convenient for residents of that place and ought to pay the L. & N. handsomely.—The Pan-

graph.

—

Wanted Men and Teams to Work on the New Park.

At last the Berea students are to have an Athletic Park worthy the name. It is to be for their perpetual use.

The College has turned over to the

students the field and wood lot just

north of the tabernacle. This is the

best possible location in that it is the

nearest one to Howard Hall. It is

just a step down hill to the field. It

is proposed to clear off enough timber

to give space not only for a diamond

and a gridiron hut also for a quarter

mile bicycle track.

The clearing is well under way

now. A great deal of money can, and

in time will be, spent on this park.

It costs money or labor, which is

the same thing, to grub out by the

root the great oaks, to ditch and

grade so large a field. Tile drains

will be put in at such intervals that

this low-lying land will be as dry as

a pike—the blue grass and the grand

stand will come bye and bye but the

diamond will be ready when the

season opens for spring practice.

There is a great deal of grading to be

done. A large number of teams can

be used to the best advantage during

this fine weather. Already over

\$100 cash is in sight, but this must go

for the purchase of tile. All citizens

and friends of the students who can

not give money are requested to give

labor and use of teams. This is a

public improvement. The prospects

for a good ball team are very bright.

Every one who donates money or la-

bor or team-work will enjoy the sport

this spring as never before. Great

enthusiasm prevails. The ladies have

subscribed most generously. Those

who will help should see Prof. Jones

or Captains Murphy, Humphrey or

Tosh.

Death of an Alumnus.

News has just come of the death of one of the Alumnae of Berea College.

Miss Florida V. Flagg graduated from the Scientific department of the college, in the class of 1882. Since that time she has largely been engaged in teaching. The "ancient"

will remember her with pleasure, and will be grieved to hear of her death, which took place at Friar's Point, Miss., during the last week in February.

—

Farm for SALE.—Four miles

south of Berea, 25½ acres of good

farm land, 12½ acres of it in cultiva-

tion. It has house, stable, crib, and

good well near the house, also an or-

chard of 25 fruit trees. For particu-

lars address Harvey Knuckles, Con-

way, Ky.

<p

NEWS CONDENSED.

Interesting Intelligence Gathered by Wire from All Parts of Both Hemispheres.

MONDAY.

Three people were killed in a storm at Forrest City, Ark.

Capt. Richard B. Paddock, of the 6th cavalry, died at Tien-Tsin, China, from pneumonia.

Li Hung Chang is again seriously ill and his physician says his life hangs by a thread.

Official report shows a total of 22 deaths and 102 cases of bubonic plague at Cape Town.

The condition of Ex-President Harrison is serious. The upper part of his left lung is congested.

The treasury department is satisfied that bubonic plague exists to an alarming extent in San Francisco.

Col. Ledebur's column stormed a gate of the Grand Wall, 80 miles west of Pao-Ting-Fu, capturing four guns.

The squadron of the 5th cavalry, stationed at Fort Myer, Va., left for San Francisco en route to the Philippines.

Everything in the path of a tornado at Pine Prairie, Ark., was destroyed. At Conway 15 houses were unroofed and three others blown down.

A bloody rain fell at Palermo, the sky being a deep red. At Rome the sky was yellow. The phenomenon is attributed to dust from the African deserts.

Dispatches from Lan-Chau assert that tien, Tung Fu Hsiang, with 20,000 men and Prince Tsuan with 10,000 men are at Ning-hsu prepared to resist arrest.

Eight persons were killed and several fatally injured during a tornado at Will's Point, Tex. A number of small houses were wrecked and five persons badly hurt at New Boston.

De Wet escaped northward by a forced march with 400 men. His objective point is Kroonstadt, while in his own country it will be almost impossible to operate against him.

The worst storm of the season struck Chicago and during the two hours that it was at its height damaged property throughout the city to the extent of \$175,000. Much damage was done in Wisconsin.

SUNDAY.

Ex-President Cleveland narrowly escaped drowning at Back Bay, Va., while duck hunting.

The state department denies that a secret alliance now exists between the United States and Great Britain in regard to Russia occupation of Manchuria.

James Perry Wood, of Athens, O., was nominated by President McKinley to be a member of the Spanish Claim Commission, and the senate promptly confirmed the nomination.

It is settled that President McKinley and his cabinet, except Secretary Griggs, will take a trip to San Francisco, Salem, Portland, Ore., and Seattle and other Puget Sound cities in May.

The Boers lost nearly 40 killed in an engagement with an armored train near Rozenhoek. They infested the train for one loaded with horses and allowed it to come within range, whereupon fire was opened from the train.

It appears, after all, that Gunner Charles Morgan is ineligible for promotion to the grade of ensign in the navy. The section of the appropriation bill providing for the promotion of warrant officers provides that such appointments shall date from July 30 and by that time next summer Gunner Morgan will have passed the specified age limit of 35 years.

SATURDAY.

Ex-President Harrison's condition is worse. He is threatened with pneumonia.

A squad of insurgents were captured in Cavite province 12 miles south of Manila.

A bill was introduced in the Minnesota legislature legalizing prize fighting in the state.

Willie Payne, Nathan Simpson and Stalley Gordon, colored murderers, were hanged at Opelousas, La.

Pennsylvania house adopted a resolution favoring the election of United States senators by the people.

By order of the president the export duty on Cuban tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, etc., will be abolished April 1.

In a fight between Negroes and cowboys near Dunnellon, Fla., three of the former and two of the latter were killed.

Senators Carter, Thurston, Lindsay and George W. McBride have been appointed on the St. Louis exposition commission.

Maurice Lyons, of Queensland, will present King Edward with what is believed to be the finest and largest opal in the world. It weighs 250 carats and is valued upwards of £50,000.

The United States has joined England in forcing Russia to abandon Manchuria, and war may result. They hope to get the support of the other powers. Germany's attitude is in doubt. France will likely take sides with Russia. The Chinese government has appealed to the powers.

FRIDAY.

Ex-President Harrison is seriously ill with the grip at his home in Indianapolis.

Ex-Congressman Chas. F. Sprague, of Massachusetts, a multi-millionaire, has been taken to an insane asylum.

Senator Wm. H. Frye, of Maine, was unanimously re-elected president pro tem of the United States Senate.

Ambassador Charlemagne Tower will be transferred from St. Petersburg to the United States embassy at Paris.

A company of the third Asiatic encountered 400 regular Chinese troops. The latter were scattered and 50 killed.

The grand jury of Anderson county, South Carolina, declares that a practical enslavement of Negroes has been conducted in that county.

The state department has sent a note to the Danish government to the effect that it will not permit any transfer of the Danish West Indies to any foreign power.

A warrant has been issued in favor of Adm. Dewey for \$9,570 on account of prize money due him for the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor May 1, 1898.

The missile thrown at Emperor William while in a carriage in Bremen caused a wound on the Kaiser's cheek an inch and a half long. The emperor is confined to his room.

Among a pile of waste paper in a Kalamazoo, Mich., paper mill was found an autograph letter of George Washington, dated 1776. The waste paper came from Philadelphia.

The agricultural department, for some time, has been experimenting with wireless telegraphy. Some remarkable results have been obtained. It has evolved a system radically different from Marconi's.

THURSDAY.

Secretary Hay signed his own commission as secretary of state.

An advance of \$2 per ton in the price of steel will be made in a few days.

It is generally believed that the Cuban constitutional convention will reject the Platt amendment.

The death sentence of J. L. Dinsmore, for the murder of his wife and Fred, late at Uddess, Neb., has been affirmed.

Will Davis, alias Williams, who was charged with outraging Mrs. Attaway, at Blanchard, La., was shot to death by a mob.

At Nashville, Tenn., Tex. Basson, prominent in business circles, shot and killed his brother, Tom, in a disagreement over business affairs.

Special Commissioner Rockhill has been instructed to purchase a suitable tract of land at Peking for the United States legation building.

Ten Nathaniel Greene's remains, which have been found in the cemetery at Savannah, were placed in a hermetically sealed box to await final disposition.

The Duke of Manchester on his arrival at Liverpool was served with a writ in a suit for damages for breach of promise, brought by Miss Portia Knight, an English girl.

Lord Kitchener, Sir Alfred Milner and Commandant General Botha are negotiating for the surrender of the latter's force of Boers. Tens, De Wet and Delaney will probably have to be dealt with individually.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE.

The Official Report Shows a Total of 22 Deaths and 102 Cases in Cape Town.

Cape Town, March 11.—The official report regarding the bubonic plague in Cape Town since the outbreak shows a total of 22 deaths and 102 cases.

The Malays gathered Sunday to oppose the removal of a Malay who had been attacked by the disease and of several persons who had come in contact with the victim. The police were overpowered and the persons who had come into contact with the Malay made their escape. In the event of a repetition of this experience it will be necessary to employ no armed force, so that trouble is anticipated.

MARSH MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, March 9.

CATTLE—Common ... 2 75 @ 3 65

Extra butchers ... 4 35 @ 4 75

CALVES—Extra 6 00 @ 6 75

HOGS—Select shippers 5 75 @ 5 80

Mixed packers ... 5 60 @ 5 70

SHEEP—Extra 4 10 @ 4 25

LAMBS—Extra 5 50 @ 5 50

FLOUR—Spring pnt. 3 80 @ 4 29

WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 66 @ 70

CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 66 @ 41 1/2

OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 66 @ 27 1/2

RYE—No. 2 66 @ 55

HAY—Choice timothy 66 @ 75

PORK—Family 66 @ 14 75

LARD—Steam 66 @ 7 1/2

BUTTER—Ch. dairy. 66 @ 14

choice creamery ... 66 @ 21 1/2

APPLES—Ch. to fancy 3 50 @ 3 75

POTATOES—Per bushel 1 40 @ 1 55

TOBACCO—New 6 00 @ 9 55

OIL 8 70 @ 12 00

CLOTHES.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 60 @ 3 80

WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 74 1/2% @ 76 1/2%

No. 3 red 66 @ 71

COEN—No. 2 39 @ 50

OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 25 1/2% @ 25 1/2%

RYE 51 1/2% @ 52 1/2%

PORK—Moss 14 75 @ 14 80

LARD—Steam 7 52 1/2% @ 7 55

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 3 65 @ 4 00

WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 72 @ 78 1/2%

CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 44 1/2% @ 44 1/2%

OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 39 @ 30

RYE 61 @ 61

PORK—Family 15 30 @ 15 50

LARD—Steam 6 70 @ 7 90

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Win. patent. 4 25 @ 4 70

WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 72 @ 78 1/2%

CORN—Mixed (new). 43 1/2% @ 43 1/2%

OATS—Mixed 28 1/2% @ 28 1/2%

PORK—Moss 12 50 @ 12 50

LARD—Steam 7 @ 7 37 1/2%

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red .. 66 @ 75 1/2%

CORN—No. 2 mixed .. 39 1/2% @ 39 1/2%

OATS—No. 2 mixed .. 26 1/2% @ 26 1/2%

BOARDED WITH IDOL.

Three Shipwrecked Sailors Lived High on the Offerings in an East Indian Delta.

Capt. Murray, a Port Royal bar pilot, who has followed the sun since boyhood and visited nearly every section of the habitable globe, is full of interesting reminiscences of happenings in distant lands in which he participated. The old pilot is fond of relating an incident which occurred near Calcutta, India. The vessel which he commanded, a fine clipper ship, was wrecked in a typhoon in the Bay of Bengal and all hands, save himself and two companions who succeeded in reaching shore in the ship's gig, were lost.

The three exhausted men immediately sought food and shelter, and while thus employed came upon an immense wooden image, which they correctly surmised to be an Indian idol. Night was upon them and the tired men lay down nearby, and their attention was soon attracted by the appearance of a score of low-caste Hindus each of whom carried in his hands a savory dish which he placed before the inanimate god. After each native had deposited his offering with profuse signs and words they departed, and when the hungry sailors were satisfied that the strange visitors had received their offerings, the natives who had remained, the Indians, were invited to eat. The Hindus had been so attracted by the offerings brought by the Indians as a tribute to their god and remaining concealed in the daytime.

One night about ten days after their shipwreck two natives suddenly surprised the three men while they were in the very act of making their usual meal and a fight ensued. The natives proved no match for the resolute and well-armed Americans and soon beat an ignominious retreat, leaving the latter complete masters of the situation. The captain and his companions, fearing that the natives would soon return in force and massacre them, made their way to Calcutta where they secured passage in a homeward-bound vessel.

Some 15 years subsequently Pilot Murray recognized in Capt. Cole, of the ship Kitkum, which called here for a cargo, one of his old companions in the exciting encounter in far-off India. The recognition was mutual, and the two men were delighted to renew their acquaintance after half a generation. —Columbia (S. C.) State.

CHILDREN IN SPAIN.

They Are Set Out in the Street in Queer Looking Baskets to Take Care of Themselves.

In the Spanish city of Seville there are no kindergartens or other places where the busy mother can leave her little children to be cared for while she does the housework or helps her husband in his little shop. The baby is left to care for itself and does very well—that is, the baby who has not learned to walk yet.

It is placed in a wicker-woven arrangement which looks like a basket turned upside down, and is just high

enough so the baby's feet will touch the ground. He is then set out in the street to take care of himself. He cannot turn over, so he at least remains in an upright position. The basket is very light, so he often walks his way up the street and far away from home. He will get into the middle of the street, so that the donkeys who take the plumes of horses and wagons there must go around him. This they always do, and it looks queer to see a long line of donkeys going out of their way to go around a baby in the narrow streets of the old Spanish town.

Slowly the old man walks toward the bar. "Men, will you have a story?" says he.

"Yes, yes; story," comes from the excited crowd.

"He is crazy!" "Crazy as a hound!" "Look at his eyes!" are the various remarks.

With outstretched hand the stranger leans forward and gazes at the crowd. Instantly they are silent at the strange scene and the stranger tale.

"Years ago," says he, "I was a wealthy man of influence in a faraway state. A wife and son composed the boy, who was exceedingly bright and at the time of the opening of my store was preparing for college. That year I was elected mayor of the town, which had been called a 'temperance town,' but when the vote was taken as to whether we should have saloons or not I wanted to be popular, so I broke the tie and the saloons were opened. Six months later checks were presented for payment, forged by my son when gambling under the influence of liquor. Angry and excited I drove him from our home. Weary with sorrow, the mother lived only a few years and died moaning for her boy. Since then I have traveled from state to state searching for my son."

With eager, excited tones the old man again breaks the silence. "Have

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"In the night, an hour or more after you left us, I was wakened up by two men creeping into the wagon. They whispered they would shoot, if I breathed. They passed behind the curtain. My daughter had sunk on the floor, tired out, poor child! without undressing. They threw a blanket over her head, and stilled her so that she could not utter a sound. They tied me and gagged me. Then they dragged her off. God forgive me, gentlemen, for suspecting you of such brutality! I lay in the wagon almost strangled to death until the teamster came to put to the oven for our journey. That is all I know."

"The two gamblers, numbers, have carried her off," said I; "but we'll save her yet, please God!"

"Oh," said Sizzum, "if them devils has got her, that's the end of her. I havn't got no more interest in her case, I believe I'll go. I've wasted too much time now from the Lord's business."

He moved to go.

"What am I to do?" said Mr. Clitheroe.

Forlorn, bereaved, perplexed old man! Any but a brute would have hesitated to strike him another blow. Sizzum did not hesitate.

"You may go to the devil across lots, on that rancid pony of yours, with your new friends, for all I care. I've enough of your daughter's sins, as if she was too good to be教ed by one of the Lord's chosen. But she'll get the Lord's vengeance now, because she wouldn't see what was her place and privileges. And you're no better than a backslider. You've been grumbldin' and settlin' yourself up for somebody. I would cans you now with the wrath to come if such a poor-spirited gran'ma was with ussin'!"

The base wretch lashed his horse and galloped off.

Even his own people of the mail party looked and muttered contempt.

Mr. Clitheroe seemed utterly stunned, giddy, faint, daughter all gone! What was he to do, indeed?

"Never mind, Mr. Clitheroe," said Brent, tenderly, "I hope you have not lost a daughter. I know you have gained a son, yes, two of them, here, Jake Shamblerian!"

"Here, sir! Up to time! Ready to pull my pound!"

"Wade and I are going after the lady. On you take this gentleman, and deliver him safe and sound to Captain Rudy at Fort Laramie. Tell Rudy to keep him till we come, and treat him as he would General Scott. Drive our mules and the mustangs to Laramie, and leave them there. We trust the whole to you. There's no time to talk. Tell me what money you want for the work, and I'll pay you now in advance, whatever you ask."

"I'll be switched round creation ef you do. Not the first red! You think, because I'm a Mormon, as you call it, I havn't got no nat'l feelin'. Why, boys, I'd go with you myself after the gal, and let Uncle Sam's mail lie there and wait till every letter answered itself, if I had a kettrypold what could range with yours. No, no, Jake Shamblerian alab a hog, and his noll boys alab the pork kind. I'll take keef of the old gentleman, and put him through jest 'z if he was my father, and with a million slugs. And of that nint talkin' fair, I dunno what is."

We both gripped Jake Shamblerian's friendly fist.

Mr. Clitheroe, weary with his morning's ride, faint and sick after his bonds of the night, and now crushed in spirit and utterly bewildered with the sudden changes, was handed over to his new protector.

The emancipating force had found him. He was free of his Mormonism. His delusion had discarded him. A rough and cruel retribution of his hopes! How would he bear this disappointment? Would his heart break? Would his mind break? his life break?

We could not check ourselves to think of him. Our thoughts were galloping furiously on in sneer of the daughter, fallen on my evil fate.

While this hasty talk had been going on, I had shifted our saddles to Pumps and Fulmo. Noble fellows! they took in the calm excitement of my mood. They grew eager as a greyhound when he sees the hare break cover. They divined that their moment had come! Now their force was to be pitted against brutality. Horse against brute—which would win? I dared not think of the purpose of our going, only, Begone! Begone! was ringing in my ears, and a figure I dared not see was before my eyes.

I was frenzied with excitement; but I held myself steady as one holds his rifle when a buck comes leaping out of the forest into the prairie, where rifle and man have been waiting and trembling, while the boudies' bay came nearer, nearer. I drew strap and tied knot of our girths, and doubled the knot. There must be no clanking of saddles, nor dismounting to girth up. That was to be a gallop. I knew, where a man who fell to the rear would be too late for the fight.

Brent, meantime, had rolled up a little stock of provisions in each man's double blanket. We were going we knew not how far. We must be ready for work of many days. A moment's calmness over our prepara-

tions now might save desolate defeat or death hereafter. We lashed out blankets with their contents on firmly by the buckskin thongs which are attached to the centre of a California saddle—the only saddle for such work as horses and men—have on the plains.

"Billoo?" said I.

"No, knives and six-shooters are enough," said Brent, as cool as if our ride were an ornamental promenade a clover. "We can not carry weight or clumsy weapons on this journey."

We mounted and were off, with a cheer from Jake Shamblerian and his boys.

All this time, we had not noticed Armstrong. As we struck off southward upon the trackless prairie, that ghastly figure upon the gaunt white horse was beside us.

"We're bound on the same arrant," whispered he. "Only the savin's you and the killin's mine."

Did my hope awake, now that the lady I had chosen for my sister was snatched from that monstrous ogre of Mormonism?

Yes; for one instant, negat'ation was possible. We could do something, gallop, gallop, that we could do.

God speed us!—and the earthlings! The earthlings are the men who stoke the lady should only have battled the ogre (the ogre is Mormonism; the word ogre means wicked giant) and the lady should be saved.

If not saved, avenged!

CHAPTER XVII.

A GALLOP OF THREE.

We were off, we three on our gallop to save and to slay.

Pumps and Fulmo took fire at once.

They were ready to burst into their top speed, and go off in a frenzy.

"Steady, steady," cried Brent.

"Now we'll keep this long easy lop for awhile, and I'll tell you my plan. They have gone to the southward—those two men. They could not go away in any other direction. I have heard Murker say he knows all the country between here and the Arkansas. Thank heaven! so do I, foot by foot."

I heard the sound of galloping hoofs I had heard on the night to the southward.

"I heard them, then," said I, "in my watch after Fulmo's briar was cut. The wind lulled, and there came a sound of horses, and another sound which I then thought a fevered fancy of my own, a fainting scene of a woman."

Brent had been quite impassioned in his manner until now. He groaned as I spoke of the scene.

"O Wade! O Richard!" he said, "why did you not know the voice? It was she. They have terrible hours ahead."

He was silent a moment, looking sternly forward. Then he began again, as he spoke, his iron gray edged on with a lower rein.

"It is well you heard them; it makes their course unmistakable. We know we are on their track. Seven or eight full hours! It is long odds of a start. But they are not mounted as we are mounted. They did not ride as we shade ride. They had a woman to carry, and their modes to drive. They will fear pursuit, and push on without stopping. But we shall catch them; we shall entice them before night, so help us God!"

"You are aiming for the mounts?" I asked.

"For Laggerel Alley," he said.

I remembered how, in our very first interview, a thousand miles away at the Fidano mine, he had spoken of this spot. All the conversation then, all the talk about my horse, came back to me like a Delphic prophecy suddenly fulfilled. I made a good omen of this remembrance.

"For Laggerel Alley," said Brent. "Do you recollect my pointing out a notch in the Sierra, yesterday, when I said I would like to spend a honeymoon there, if I could find a woman brave enough for this plains' life?"

He grew very white as he spoke, and again Pumps led off by a neck, we ranging up instantly.

"They will make for the Laggerel Springs. The Alley is the only gate through the mountains towards the Arkansas. If they can get by there, they are safe. They can strike off New Mexico way; or keep on to the States out of the line of emigration or any Mormon pursuit. The Springs are the only water to be had at this season, without digging, anywhere in that quarter. They must go there. We are no farther from the spot then we were at Bridger. We have been traveling along the base of the triangle. We have only lost time. And, now that we are fairly under way, I think that we might shake out another reef. A little faster, Begone! Begone! was ringing in my ears, and a figure I dared not see was before my eyes."

I was frenzied with excitement; but I held myself steady as one holds his rifle when a buck comes leaping out of the forest into the prairie, where rifle and man have been waiting and trembling, while the boudies' bay came nearer, nearer. I drew strap and tied knot of our girths, and doubled the knot. There must be no clanking of saddles, nor dismounting to girth up. That was to be a gallop. I knew, where a man who fell to the rear would be too late for the fight.

Brent, meantime, had rolled up a little stock of provisions in each man's double blanket. We were going we knew not how far. We must be ready for work of many days. A moment's calmness over our prepara-

tion now might save desolate defeat or death hereafter. We lashed out blankets with their contents on firmly by the buckskin thongs which are attached to the centre of a California saddle—the only saddle for such work as horses and men—have on the plains.

as a horse with a self-possessed rider will, that they were not to waste strength in rushes. "Spend, but waste not"—not a step, not a breath, in that gallop for life! This must be our motto.

We three rode abreast over the sere brown plain on our gallop to save and to slay.

Far—uh, how terribly dim and distant—was the Sierra, a slowly lifting cloud. Slowly, slowly they lifted, those gracious heights, while we sped over the marsh levels of the desert. Marsh levels, abandoned or unvisited by verdancy. But better so; there was no long heritage to check our great pace over the smooth meadow-course; no thickets here to baffle us; no forests to mislead.

We galloped abreast—Armstrong at the right. His gaunt white held his own with the best of us. No whip, no spur, for that deathly creature. He went as if his master's purpose was striking him through and through. That stern intent made his sinews steel, and put an agony of power into every stride. The man never stired, save sometimes to put a hand to that bloody blunder bandage across his head and temple. He had told his story, he had spoken his errand, he breathed not word; but with his lean, pallid face set hard, his gentle blue eyes scoured of their kindness, and fixed upon those distant mountains where his vengeance lay, he rode on like a relentless fate.

Next in line I galloped. O my dolorous bled! The great, killing pace seemed mere playful cunter to one such as one might ride beside a timid girl, thrilling with her first free dash over a flowery common, or a golden beach between sea and shore. But from time to time he surged a little forward with his great boulders, and gave a mighty writh at his body, while his hind legs came lifting his flanks under me, and telling of the giant reserve of speed and power he kept easily controlled. Then his ear would go back, and his large brown eye, with its purple-black pupil, would look round at my battle head and then into my eye, saying as well as words could have said it, "This is mere sport, my friend master. You do not know me; I have still in me that you do not dream. Say the word, and I can double this, treble it. Say the word! let me show how I can spurn the earth." Then with the lightest love pressure on the snaffle, I would say, "Not yet! not yet! Patience, my noble friend. Your time will come."

He was silent a moment, looking sternly forward. Then he began again, as he spoke, his iron gray edged on with a lower rein.

"It is well you heard them; it makes their course unmistakable. We know we are on their track. Seven or eight full hours! It is long odds of a start. But they are not mounted as we are mounted. They did not ride as we shade ride. They had a woman to carry, and their modes to drive. They will fear pursuit, and push on without stopping. But we shall catch them; we shall entice them before night, so help us God!"

"You are aiming for the mounts?" I asked.

"For Laggerel Alley," he said.

I remembered how, in our very first interview, a thousand miles away at the Fidano mine, he had spoken of this spot. All the conversation then, all the talk about my horse, came back to me like a Delphic prophecy suddenly fulfilled. I made a good omen of this remembrance.

"For Laggerel Alley," said Brent. "Do you recollect my pointing out a notch in the Sierra, yesterday, when I said I would like to spend a honeymoon there, if I could find a woman brave enough for this plains' life?"

He grew very white as he spoke, and again Pumps led off by a neck, we ranging up instantly.

"They will make for the Laggerel Springs. The Alley is the only gate through the mountains towards the Arkansas. If they can get by there, they are safe. They can strike off New Mexico way; or keep on to the States out of the line of emigration or any Mormon pursuit. The Springs are the only water to be had at this season, without digging, anywhere in that quarter. They must go there. We are no farther from the spot then we were at Bridger. We have been traveling along the base of the triangle. We have only lost time. And, now that we are fairly under way, I think that we might shake out another reef. A little faster, Begone! Begone! was ringing in my ears, and a figure I dared not see was before my eyes."

I was frenzied with excitement; but I held myself steady as one holds his rifle when a buck comes leaping out of the forest into the prairie, where rifle and man have been waiting and trembling, while the boudies' bay came nearer, nearer. I drew strap and tied knot of our girths, and doubled the knot. There must be no clanking of saddles, nor dismounting to girth up. That was to be a gallop. I knew, where a man who fell to the rear would be too late for the fight.

We could not check ourselves to think of him. Our thoughts were galloping furiously on in sneer of the daughter, fallen on my evil fate.

While this hasty talk had been going on, I had shifted our saddles to Pumps and Fulmo. Noble fellows! they took in the calm excitement of my mood. They grew eager as a greyhound when he sees the hare break cover. They divined that their moment had come! Now their force was to be pitted against brutality. Horse against brute—which would win? I dared not think of the purpose of our going, only, Begone!

Begone! was ringing in my ears, and a figure I dared not see was before my eyes.

I was frenzied with excitement; but I held myself steady as one holds his rifle when a buck comes leaping out of the forest into the prairie, where rifle and man have been waiting and trembling, while the boudies' bay came nearer, nearer. I drew strap and tied knot of our girths, and doubled the knot. There must be no clanking of saddles, nor dismounting to girth up. That was to be a gallop. I knew, where a man who fell to the rear would be too late for the fight.

Brent, meantime, had rolled up a little stock of provisions in each man's double blanket. We were going we knew not how far. We must be ready for work of many days. A moment's calmness over our prepara-

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

Dr. Talmage Praises It and Tells of Its Great Rewards.

How the Lord Jesus Will Reward the Faithful Soldier of the Cross
—Heroes and Martyrs of Everyday Life.

[Copyright, 1861, by Louis Klösch.]

In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The text is Galatians viii, 17, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people hearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted, and to their dying day they will have a scarification of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt; but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they once were than rubescence is emaciation, than batin is viriol, than noonday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, ignoble scars.

But Paul in my text shows us a scurification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourgings and shipwrecks and maltreatment by mobs. In my text he shows those scars as he declares, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Notice that it is not wounds, but scars, and a scar is a healed wound. Before the scar is well defined upon the flesh the inflammation must have departed and right circulation must have been restored and new tissue must have been formed. It is a permanent indentation of the flesh—a cicatrix. Paul did well to show those scars. They were positive and indisputable proofs that with all his body, mind and soul he believed what he said. They were his diploma, showing that he had graduated from the school of the world's evangelization.

Men are not ashamed of scars got in battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him: "Where did you get that gash across your forehead?" and he can answer: "That was from a saber at San Juan." When you ask some German: "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say: "I lost it at Sedan." When you ask an Italian: "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer: "I suffered that in the last battle under our glorious Gen. Garibaldi." But I remind you of the fact that there are scars not got in war which are just as illustrious. We had the culminating of Christian heroes; then he preached amid the excitement of a tumbling penitentiary; when in a storm at sea he took command of the ship, the only one on board, headed. With his inspired logic, and his courage of utterance, and his power of illustration, and his capacity to move audiences, and his spirit of defiance, there was no height of worldly power he might not have gained.

What Haanhalb was to an army, what Draeo was in making laws, what Homer was to poetry, what Demosthenes was in power of persuasion, what Socrates was to philosophy, what Aeschylus was to the drama, that Paul might have been to all centuries. God never before and never since made another human being like him. But with all his capacity and opportunity of achieving worldly renown he turns his back on home and becomes an exile, on bounteous tables and eats his hard crust by the roadside, on the pleasure yachts that sailed the Mediterranean and embarked on a freighter from Alexandria, on scholars in Athens and talks to fishermen. Instead of plaudits and enthusiasm he addressed audiences that talked back and asked insolent questions and broke up in a riot. Instead of garlands flung at his feet they hurled stones upon his head. Five times he was scourged, at each whipping 39 strokes, the fortieth stroke spared not from mercy, but because 40 strokes were the severest punishment the law allowed, and they feared, through counting wrong, they might make it 41 and so themselves be punished. Why, Paul must have been scarred all over, and he only tells the plain truth without any commentary when he declares: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." It was as much as to say, "See those long scars? There

The Negro's Right to Work, to Save, and to Learn.

A Declaration at Closing Exhibition of Winter Term, Berea College, by WINSTON MASON.

The Negro race is perhaps the only one that can remember its birthday. The birth of the Jewish nation, the Saxon, and the French, is lost in antiquity. But the Negro race was born into manhood on the first day of January, 1863, when the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln went into effect.

Picture if you can a colored family set free. Do you not see the group? Father, mother, and half-grown sons and daughters, standing in the highway with no shelter above them and no shelter to which they can go. They have their freedom but they have nothing else.

And not only are they destitute of home, of tools, and the credit which would give them a start, but they are destitute of more important things than these. They have not the skill, the training, or the education which would fit them to take care of themselves. They have never been in the habit of looking ahead and providing for their own wants.

At the World's Exhibition in Paris, a Negro artist from Washington, exhibited ten pictures, setting forth the progress of the Negro from the emancipation day, when he stood under the open sky, to the present time. The second picture represented him as building his first rude cabin. The third pictured him preparing to build the first school house for his children. And so on through the humble steps by which he has entered upon his inheritance as a man.

Now, my friends, what are we men of the colored race to do with our freedom? It cost a great price to the abolitionists, to men like Brother Fee, who struggled to make us free. What does freedom mean to us and to our children? What are the rights of man?

The first right is to work and to have what we make or earn. We have no right to eat if we do not work, but we stand on a level with all other men in having the right now to put forth our labor and to enjoy the fruits of that labor. If we are idle and consequently go hungry, it is our own fault. If we are unskillful in our labor and can earn only \$40 a day when the man beside us who is skillful, is earning \$150, that is our own fault. We have the right to work and to work with skill and efficiency. We have the right to earn a garden and to take care of it. We have the right to build a house and to live in it. We have the right to get all the things that white men have gathered by their industry and their toil.

And the next right we have is the right to save what we have earned. A slave could not lay up anything and it was proper enough that he should waste and spend everything he could lay hold of. But now we are free men and must save our earnings. No more wasteful excursions, no more extravagant clothes, no more lavish laying on of food. We are to lay up to day in order that our work may be easier to-morrow.

And in the third place, we have the right to learn. The great State of Kentucky pays people for teaching our children. This right we do not all of us enjoy, because of our neglect. I find that in this very town of Berea less than sixty per cent of the colored children of school age are enrolled in the colored schools. What do colored people think will be the future of their children if they miss their opportunities and live in freedom with the same ignorance as though they were slaves?

We know of many young people who are tall enough to be men and women and yet they do not seek the education which Berea College offers so freely to all.

Freedom, my friends, means a chance. That is all that any man can ask of this country. Kentucky does not give an equal chance to her colored citizens, but we have a far better chance than white people had a hundred years ago. We have as good a chance as the people had who lived in the time of the Pilgrim Fathers. We all know what they made out of their chances, and we must see to it that our people do as well.

According to Prof. Charles W. Dabney, President of the University of Tennessee, who testified before the Industrial Commission on conditions in the South, the South has entered upon a period of natural evolution, which will carry its industries steadily forward for years. He said that cotton, cattle, and mules bring better prices than ever before, and that the people of the South were enjoying a period of great prosperity; also that industrial education was making the Negro more productive as a citizen than he had been as a slave.

Correspondence.

On the Road. Lewis Sandlin, of Dreyfus, is thinking of moving to Oklahoma.

L. D. Sandlin is fixing for a large crop, and intends to sell land and crop and move to Berea next year to reside and attend College.

Felix Jones, a former student of Berea, is a prosperous merchant at Combe, Ky.

Thousands of staves are being shipped from the big mill on Crooked Creek, Estill Co. The use to which the staves are put is evident from the condition in which many of the haulers return.

Winter schools for white and colored, are maintained in Irvine.

Wisemantown is a nice village of about 50 inhabitants. It has a small mill and a big store.

Bourbon County.

Millersburg. We had the first rain of the new century, last Friday; it was very welcome.

Mrs. Sallie Cavanaugh has returned from a visit to Felicity, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Livingston, of Lexington, visited Mrs. L. Sunday.

Mrs. Nancy Parker was the most successful collector of money for the Methodist Church.

Mrs. Lizzie Henderson has an attack of la grippe.

Jackson County.

Tyner. Forest fires have done much damage in this region. Sunday last, the dwellings were in danger; fortunately none were destroyed.

G. W. Moore intends to take his son to Louisville to undergo a surgical operation.

A number of our boys, who are attending school at Egypt, report favorably on the school.

School is in session at Welchburg.

J. C. Coyle, of Laurel county, expects to teach a Normal School at this place during April and May.

Thos. Morris, of this place, has moved to Horse Lick.

Madison County.

Peytontown. Rev. L. Miller is holding revival services in Richmond.

Miss Sallie Miller visited her mother last Saturday.

J. C. Burnam was here last Sunday to attend church meeting.

James Moore has moved near Ruthon, on Silver Creek.

Rev. R. Munday preached here last Sunday, from John 13:35.

Perry Munday is contemplating giving up business.

Curt Shearer is very ill with pneumonia.

Miss Alice Phelps celebrated her birthday with an entertainment on March 6th.

Alex. Johnson is very ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Florence White made a business trip to Richmond, Friday.

Mrs. Mary Johnson, age 70 years, died of pneumonia March 6, and was buried at the Miller grave yard.

Rockcastle County.

Disputanta Miss Mary Owens has returned home from Blue Lick, where she has been visiting relatives.

Miss Etta and Cheesie Reynolds, and Parrie Lee Abney, visited your correspondent on Friday.

Miss Sallie and Samuel Shearer visited relatives on Bush Creek, Saturday.

J. W. Anglin, of Climax, has been visiting friends on Davis Branch.

Elmer Anglin, who went to Fairland, Ill., is anxious to get home.

T. C. Holt, who has been on the sick list is convalescent.

Mrs. O. J. Abney, who was reported sick at last writing, is no better.

There was service at the Baptist Church, Friday, with four conversions.

Larkin Abney, has bought Henry Calvin's saw mill, and will move it to Brush Creek.

There will be a new rail road built up Brush Creek in a few days, work will begin at once.

R. J. Abney is building a new store house, on Clear Creek.

Measles are prevalent in this neighborhood.

Owsley County.

Gabbard. Mrs. Susan Bowman of Fish Creek, visited relatives here Friday and Saturday.

James Bicknell of Booneville, was here Saturday.

Jackson Morris of Jackson Co., is a

candidate for Representative in the 7th Legislative District, subject to the action of the Republican party.

C. B. and Henry Gabbard, Sr., were at Island Creek, Saturday.

Your correspondent and Elmer Gabbard went to Cow Creek, Saturday.

C. B. More has his house up ready for covering.

A. Davidson of Little Buffalo, was here Monday on business.

Wm. Seale of Lee county, was here Sunday.

We are having very cold weather at this writing.

Farmers have not done much towards their crops yet.

Rose Gabbard has been quite ill with asthma.

We hope the Spring Term of Berea College will be a successful one.

Best wishes for The CITIZEN.

Mason County.

Maysville.—The Old Folk's concert, given by the members of Scout's Chapel M. E. Church, was excellent. They were greeted with a large audience and a nice sum of money was collected.

Charley Washington, Richard Robinson, Nanny Brady, and Carrie Bell have entered school again after a siege of illness.

William Hinton has entered the Normal Training class, of the Primary department.

Anna Berry has been quite sick with pneumonia, but is much better at this writing.

Miss Lela Tabor left for the City Sunday morning.

The Mason county Teacher's Association held an interesting meeting at the residence of Prof. T. A. Read, on Fourth St., Saturday.

Johnnie Simpson is ill with pneumonia at his home on Front St.

The high School Alumni was entertained Saturday, at the home of Miss Lucille Dinwiddie. A very interesting program was rendered. The solo sung by Miss Dinwiddie deserves special mention. The next meeting will be held at Miss Lida Walker's on Fourth St.

Rev. Elijah Combs preached an able sermon at the Bethel Baptist Church, Sunday morning.

Faith and Works.

Rev. A. PETTIFORD, Berea, Ky.

I am endeavoring to establish a church in Lancaster, which if I succeed will be the first Colored Christian Church, organized in Garrard county, Ky. I am combining "faith and works." I bought trees in the forest, I cut them down, took them to the saw mill and had them manufactured into lumber, and then hauled the lumber twenty-one miles to the church to make the seats. I feel that I have done my best so far, and am willing to do everything in my power to succeed in establishing this church.

I am happy to say our people in Lancaster have given me much help and encouragement, without which the work could not have progressed so far as it has. Much remains to be done. Your help will be valuable. Will you assist? I pray you do not let me fail in my endeavor.

SAW MILL FOR SALE. A twelve horse power engine, mounted on wheels, and a Handy Saw Mill and Grist Mill combined, all in good order, at prices to suit the times. Call on or address, J. W. Lambert, Conway, Ky. 3. 21.

Photographs

12 on fancy mounts, copied from your photo, 30c. On buttons, 10c each, 3 for 25c. Send 2 stamps for sample, Wm. Lorimer, Photographer, Danville, Ky. AGENTS WANTED.

Special instruction in gardening, for both young men and young ladies, will be given by Prof. Mason in the Spring Term.

BEREA COLLEGE Founded 1855

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dinsmore, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

NATURE STUDY.

ROSE E. MILLER.

On some rainy morning when the birds are silent and the pupils have been left with a number of questions which they are trying to answer from their own observations; and when the seeds have been gotten ready for later study; the teacher may gather on her way to school material that will serve as the foundation for a number of very interesting and useful lessons in nature study. On the way to school or about the schoolhouse there are possibly half a dozen different kinds of shrubs and trees. Gather a sufficient number of twigs from these trees and shrubs so that each member of the school may be supplied with one for his own study. Let us see what we can do with these twigs. "We will take a few minutes to look at our twigs carefully and then be ready to tell three things about them."

One little girl is ready in a moment, and tells us: "My twig is brown and it has a big bud at the end."

A little boy is anxious to tell that this is only two things, but instead we let him tell what he has found, "My twig is green, and it has five buds and an old dry leaf."

"Good! and the old dry leaf is the best of all for it will help us to discover something later."

One little girl in the corner can hardly wait longer so we let her reveal her discoveries: "My twig is a great big twig, and it has a great big bud at the end, and it is all sticky."

"Yes, the bud is sticky, let us all look at your bud for a moment, and tomorrow we will see if we can think of a reason why it should be so."

Another, "My bud is sticky too, and it is big and there is a rough place under it. Is that where the leaf used to be?"

"Well, what do we think about it? Are these scars on all the twigs? How many have found scars on theirs?"

By the way in which the hands are raised we can see that nearly all of the pupils had already discovered the scars. Now to find out whether the leaf made the scar or not let the little boy who had the twig with the withered leaf on it, remove the leaf and see

The time has gone for our today's observation lesson and oral work. Now we may take a few moments for a written language lesson from a part of the school, while the twigs form the foundation of the reading and number lessons for the beginning class.

This day's work is sure to have awakened interest sufficient to cause the pupils to examine the trees carefully on the way home and on the following day both girls and boys will doubtless come with hands full of twigs they have themselves gathered for further use, and about which there is still much to be learned.

After the first day's study we put a number of jars in our windows with small branches in them that we might watch the unfolding of the buds. Conspicuous among these twigs are the pussy willow and the horse chestnut because of their unusual interest.

Again let us ask, does nature study pay? Can there remain any doubt about it when we find it one of the best ways of opening the eyes of the children to see things in the world about them and to truly live in this world. It gets hold of the child's affections and cannot help but strongly influence his character. Then it helps to make school a happy place and not simply a place of discipline and drudgery.

(To be continued.)

Orders for pies, doughnuts, and other products of the Cooking School may be made to Miss Stokes at the Model House.

THE HOME.

Edited by Miss GRACE J. STOKES, Instructor in Domestic Science, Berea College.

Utilizing the Left-overs.

ROSE E. MILLER.

All sorts of objections are raised when the frying pan is mentioned and right it is, too, that we should object to this unhygienic aid to the preparation of foods. But before we further condemn frying, let us be sure that we know just what we are condemning. Quoting from a well known authority upon such subjects, "A little fat is put into a shallow pan; when this is hot, the articles to be cooked are laid in and browned on both sides. This manner of cooking is by many miscalled frying, and is largely responsible for the disrepute of frying, as articles cooked so are greasy and indigestible. Frying is cooking by immersion in very hot fat and the success of the frying depends upon the fat being sufficiently hot, and enough fat being used to completely cover the articles cooked in it. A kettle for frying should be kept for that purpose alone, and started with enough fat to fill it two thirds full. A mixture of beef fat and lard is more wholesome. It gives better satisfaction than when lard alone is used. When properly handled, but little fat is consumed each frying. A kettle of fat will with care last for months, but should be clarified as often as necessary by adding a slice of raw potato to the fat and straining it after each time used."

"Good! and the old dry leaf is the best of all for it will help us to discover something later."

One little girl in the corner can hardly wait longer so we let her reveal her discoveries: "My twig is brown and it has a big bud at the end."

A little boy is anxious to tell that this is only two things, but instead we let him tell what he has found, "My twig is green, and it has five buds and an old dry leaf."

"Good! and the old dry leaf is the best of all for it will help us to discover something later."